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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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UNCORKED.

The Fisherman of Buzzard's Bay uncorks a vagrant bottle found upon the beach, and thereby liberates a demon which he vainly implores to return to the vessel.
The "Arabian Nights" improved.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1892.

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POLICIES JUDGED BY RESULTS.

THE only satisfactory way in which to judge of the wisdom and value of a policy is by its results and by its uniformly dominating tendency. Testing the free-trade theory and the protective policy by this standard, no fair-minded man can fail to realize the infinite superiority of the latter as a factor in contributing to the prosperity and welfare of the country. Nearly every period of great financial and industrial disaster in this country has been a period in which free trade was dominant. Those periods which have been marked by steady prosperity and wholesome development of the national resources have been periods of protection. No man of ordinary intelligence will undertake to dispute these facts. Mr. Warner Miller, in a recent address in this city, referred to some of the proofs of the value of the protective system, showing that under it we have more than doubled in population, and have more than quadrupled in wealth. While the accumulated wealth of the country in 1860 was estimated at \$16,000,000,000, it is at this time more than \$66,000,000,000. If it be said the benefits of this system, as shown in these aggregates, have not been generally distributed, the answer is that while the capitalist and manufacturer have earned their profits, the workingmen have added largely and steadily to their gains. The savings banks of the State of New York, for instance, now hold \$60,000,000, more than sixty per cent. of which belongs to the laboring classes. These deposits have been swelling year by year, but have particularly increased during the last three years. During the last six months alone, under the McKinley law, they have increased over ten million dollars.

A mass of testimony might be supplied in support of the statement that protection tends to build up and strengthen domestic industries, provide steady employment for the workman at remunerative wages, stimulate the productive energies and enlarge the markets of the country. All testimony is equally conclusive as to the disastrous tendency of the anti-protection policy heretofore and now advocated by the Democracy. No voter can possibly make a mistake as to the meaning and trend of these diverse policies, and the man who votes for the Democracy in the coming election, in face of the facts recited, must be regarded, no matter what pretense he may set up, as desiring the triumph of a system which has operated so prejudicially to our great industrial interests.

THE REVOLT IN ALABAMA.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the Democratic revolt in Alabama so far as the Presidential ticket is involved, there can be no doubt that the rebellion will put a practical end to the corrupt ring which has so long dominated the State. It is a curious illustration of the insincerity of the clamor about negro domination that the State of Alabama has for years been ruled by a handful of white men who have used the negro vote to buttress their supremacy. The fifteen black counties have been able to control the fifty-one white counties in the State by securing increased representation in Democratic conventions on the basis of the large colored vote, and so arranging the Congressional and Legislative districts as to give every black county greater representation than the counties having more whites than blacks. This was the method resorted to in the recent election; the majority given to Jones, the regular Democratic candidate, being made up by stuffing the ballot-boxes in the black belt. In other words, Governor Jones, while vehemently denouncing negro domination, secures his seat by counting in his favor thousands of negro votes that were never cast, or if cast, were counted fraudulently.

It is not surprising that the better class of Democrats have made up their minds to destroy this system of misrule. There can be no doubt of their sincerity and earnestness. One convincing proof of their determination is found in their willingness to serve as marshals or supervisors to secure a fair election. Heretofore it has been regarded as an insult to ask any Democrat to serve in either of these capacities. Only the lowest and most ignorant negroes were considered fit to do the work

required of these officials. Even white Republicans have refused to serve because of the contempt to which they were exposed at the hands of their Democratic neighbors. Now, these very Democrats volunteer to serve, and announce that they mean to put an end to the fraud at whatever personal hazards. It is believed by those who are familiar with the situation that they will succeed in their purpose.

Another fact which is influencing public opinion in Alabama is the necessity of securing honest government as a means of drawing additional Northern capital to the State. During the last few years the iron and coal industries have been greatly stimulated, one estimate placing the amount invested in these industries at two hundred millions of dollars. As a result the "poor white trash" of Alabama have become prosperous, many of them being now classed among the moneyed men of the State. There is still a large area of undeveloped coal and iron land awaiting capital to make it valuable; but capital will not seek investment where, in this day of enlightenment, elections are made a farce, and a few men, utilizing the black vote for selfish purposes, are enabled to perpetuate a domination representing the prejudices and hates of the past, rather than present progress.

As illustrative of the frauds heretofore prevalent, it is stated that evidence has been furnished, sworn to by white Democrats who were at the polls and kept tally at the recent election, which shows conclusively that Captain Kolb received a majority of forty-five thousand of the votes cast, and that fully fifty-five thousand of the votes counted for Jones were made by stuffing the ballot-boxes, by falsifying the returns, by voting dead men, and by changing the majorities as cast in black-belt counties. It cannot be otherwise than that the revolt of the better class of Democrats in the State will lead to most important results, since it must point the way to similar uprisings in other States, where like methods have been employed to maintain the rule of the self-seeking and corrupt politicians who have no sympathy whatever with modern ideas of progress or civilization.

THE ADVANCES OF THE TROLLEY.

ANY safe and reasonable method of securing a faster and cheaper method of transit in New York City should be encouraged, and will be encouraged by all save ultra-conservatives. New York's need for rapid transit, on account of the peculiar shape of Manhattan Island, is especially great. The unsightly elevated roads have not only been endured, but have been esteemed a blessing because they made city traveling more expeditious than formerly, and opened up to settlement the district north of Central Park. But the elevated roads, which are costly structures and which obstruct the light and air of the houses on the streets through which they run, have not solved the rapid-transit question by any means. The motive power of the future is, without question, electricity. The day is probably not far distant when cars propelled by storage batteries will supplant horses and cables on the street-surface lines and steam engines on the elevated roads. But that day has not come. In the meantime the trolley system of moving cars by means of a current in an overhead wire has been used economically and with some measure of safety in suburban and sparsely-settled localities. This system has also been introduced into some of the larger cities, and an effort is now under way to adopt it in some of the most crowded streets of New York. In Boston and in Newark, where the trolley has been used, it has been found to be not only unsightly but very dangerous to life and destructive to property.

The danger of using the trolley has been made known to the civic authorities in New York by means of evidence which could not be questioned, and yet in the face of this the Board of Aldermen has passed an ordinance giving the Metropolitan Traction Company consent to use this objectionable method of propulsion. The people of New York have so little confidence in the integrity of Boards of Aldermen that whenever such a body flies in the face of public opinion there is at once a suspicion, so strong that it amounts to belief, that some inducement in the nature of "bribe" has been employed to secure the obnoxious action. The Metropolitan Traction Company has succeeded to the franchises secured by the late "Jake" Sharp from the infamous "bribe" aldermen of 1884. How natural to suspect that in getting this privilege somewhat similar methods have been employed! When the vote was to be taken in this matter there was free food and free drink in the City Hall, so that no alderman could have any excuse for running away. Who provided this? This question being once answered there would probably be a good starting-place from which an interesting investigation could be made. Was it Mr. Crimmins, the president of the Metropolitan Traction Company, in which Mr. William C. Whitney is a large shareholder? We do not know, we are not sure. But if he did, and Mr. Whitney be worthy of the title the *Sun* has given him of "champion fool-killer," it might be well for him to visit the president's office of the Metropolitan Traction Company.

Mr. Crimmins, who, like Mr. Whitney, is a conspicuous member of the Democratic party in New York, has the appearance of being very frank in his statements in

regard to the action of the aldermen. He says the connections, permission to make which was given, were needed. This is perfectly true. It is not the connections that are objected to, but the method of propulsion. He says that to use the trolley under the elevated railroads, the wires being attached to that structure, would not make the streets any more unsightly. That also is true. But the trolley is no whit less dangerous to life and property under an elevated road than elsewhere. He says, also, that nothing is given without consideration to the Metropolitan Traction Company, as the concession must be put up to the highest bidder. Here Mr. Crimmins, while seeming to be very frank, only tells about half as much as he should. The concession must be put up to the highest bidder, but as the Metropolitan Traction Company controls the entire situation by either owning or leasing the lines that could use the concessions, that company can do as it sees fit. The truth seems to be that the group of Democratic magnates controlling the Metropolitan Traction Company also controls the Democratic Board of Aldermen.

At great expense and after much labor the people of New York have established the policy that electric light and other wires through which strong currents pass should be buried in conduits under ground. This was because it had been demonstrated that these heavily-charged wires were very destructive to life and property. Then the telephone and telegraph wires were to a great extent buried because they were so unsightly. Just when this has been accomplished we are probably to have overhead wires for trolleys just as dangerous, and even more unsightly than those removed. And this permission is given in face of the fact that we are probably on the eve of the completion of a storage-battery system of propulsion which would at once be safe and cheap and simple. Does Democratic rule mean, besides leaving undone all the things that should be done, the doing of all those things that should not be done?

THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

THE Republicans of New York should not permit the pressure of national issues to divert their attention from the importance of securing control of the next Legislature of the State. In point of fact, there is hardly any question of greater moment than that of vindicating the integrity of our legislation, and putting an effectual rebuke upon that spirit of political piracy which made the last legislative session one of the most notorious in our history. The people of the State now have an opportunity to condemn, as they deserve, the fraud and theft by which the popular will was nullified, and the Senate of the State was stolen from the electors, as well as the policy under which the perpetrators of this great crime have been rewarded by conspicuous official station. The people having been denied justice and a reparation of this wrong in the courts, to which the humblest citizen has a right to appeal, no other remedy is left them but that which the ballot-box affords.

Every man who believes in honest legislation, who holds that government of the people and for the people is only possible where the popular voice finds honest expression, and who desires to put an end to the reign of chicanery and fraud in the State administration, should make sure to cast his ballot, in the coming election, in such a way as to secure these results. And whatever may be his choice as to national candidates, and his views as to questions of national policy, he can only contribute to this particular result by giving his support to Republican candidates for legislative station.

THE HYPOCRITICAL MUGWUMP.

ALL the reports of Mr. Cleveland's recent conference with the Democratic bosses in this city agree that he entered into covenant to hand over the management of the campaign to them, and pledged himself that, in the event of his election, he would be guided by their wishes in the distribution of the public patronage. Everybody knows that Tammany represents in its worst form the obnoxious doctrine that "the spoils belong to the victors." It is quite certain that no sort of regard would be paid by them, if Mr. Cleveland were President, to the principle of civil-service reform. They abhor it, spit upon it, and would employ all authority vested in them to debauch the public service and further the basest partisan aims. And yet the righteous mugwumps, in full view of these facts, and understanding perfectly well that every vote given to Mr. Cleveland will, under the circumstances, be a vote given in this direction, continue to hold him up as the ideal candidate, the champion of civil-service reform, whose election is essential to the correction of all existing evils in the public administration. We suspect that there are not a few of the more honest independents who will take care that Mr. Cleveland and Tammany are not given control of the Federal patronage in pursuance of the bargain to which the political Pharisees thus cheerfully give their approval. One of the organs of this more honest class of independents, the *Providence Journal*, speaks on the subject in this decisive fashion:

"There is really no more reason why an honest and earnest civil-service reformer should vote for Mr. Cleveland than for Mr. Harrison: there are equally strong reasons, from the reform point of view, for voting

against him—and that, too, without saying anything about the alliance which the Democratic candidate has just effected with the most outrageously spoils element in his party, and which puts him under suspicious and dangerous obligations to that element."

THE CASE OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, New York, is one of the counties of the Mohawk valley, hilly, grassy, and moderately fertile. Until the passage of the McKinley tariff this county undoubtedly paid State, county, town, and school taxes amounting to about \$138,000 per year. But it would take a very smart statistician to figure out how Montgomery County pays any taxes whatever to-day.

In consequence of the McKinley tariff raising the former duty of two dollars per ton on hay imported from Canada to four dollars per ton, there were fewer tons imported in 1891 than 1890 by 76,406 tons, and in 1892 the price of hay in Montgomery County is reported to be better by four dollars per ton than it was in 1889. It is now fourteen dollars per ton where it was previously ten dollars. The farmers of Montgomery County produce (by the census of 1880) 114,312 tons, of which they sell or market about 70,000 tons. The tariff gives them four dollars per ton more for this hay than they would get under free trade in hay, and two dollars per ton more than they were getting before the McKinley act shut out the additional 76,000 tons over what were shut out by the previous duty. Hence the account stands thus:

Montgomery County		In account with the Tax Collector.	
Dr.		Cr.	
1892. To State, county, town, and school taxes.....	\$132,000	1892. By \$4 per ton on 70,000 tons of hay....	\$280,000
Balance in favor of Montgomery County.....	148,000		
Total.....	\$280,000		

Perhaps it may be said that the consumers of hay must certainly suffer in order that Montgomery County may receive this advantage. For a period longer or shorter this is partly true. But it is false in the long run to the extent that a price of fourteen dollars per ton is more efficient than one of ten dollars per ton to cause American farmers to enlarge their hay crop into a condition of adequacy to meet the demand. It has for centuries been matter of common knowledge in all farming countries that a high price on farm products in any one year, or locality, or crop, is sure to be followed by a large production, extending over the two or three years following, in a manner which makes the high price of one year an ultimate benefit to consumers.

It is certainly not an economy to bring hay from Canada, pay a transportation charge upon it, and leave our own fields to run to pasture and common, the hay being ungathered for want of a remunerative price. The quickest road to cheap hay is to raise it.

In barley a similar benefit to Montgomery County accrues from the McKinley tariff. That act, by raising the duty on barley from ten cents per bushel to thirty cents, reduced the quantity imported from Canada and elsewhere from 11,151,321 bushels in 1890 to 4,979,600 bushels in 1891. Here is a reduction of upward of 6,000,000 bushels in one year, which is nearly equal to the total annual product of barley in the State of New York. We have not at hand the actual production of barley in the State of New York before and since the McKinley law, but it is clear that that law had the effect to invite the farmers of New York to raise about double the quantity of barley they had ever raised prior to its enactment.

In hops also the rise of the duty from eight cents to fifteen cents per pound has shut out about four million pounds of Canadian hops, and has presumptively called upon the farmers of New York to produce at least one-fifth more hops than they had ever previously produced.

Including barley, hops, and hay, therefore, it seems certain that the McKinley bill has presented to Montgomery County a hundred per cent. more than her entire State taxes. The county would be poorer by at least \$140,000 a year if all taxes were abolished. And what is true of Montgomery County is largely true of most agricultural counties.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WHAT is known as the Fairbault plan of education, which for some time past has been the subject of such vehement controversy in Minnesota, seems to have received its death-blow. It was in reference to this plan, it will be remembered, that Bishop Ireland was some time since summoned to Rome, on the allegation that it involved a surrender of the Roman Catholic theory of parochial education. The Catholics at Fairbault agreed to abandon their parochial schools and come into the public schools on condition that nuns should be allowed to teach Catholic children in a separate building or in the public-school building, as might be preferred, the children in every other respect conforming to the regulations of the public-school law. The plan was for a time regarded with favor, but in its practical working it has proved a source of contention, giving no real satisfaction to Protestants or to Catholics. Finally the question of its retention was

carried into politics, and at an election recently held, which was marked by exceptional excitement, the old school board, which had initiated the system and was favorable to its continuance, was overwhelmingly defeated. It is to be hoped that the question may now be regarded as finally and definitely settled.

It is quite apparent that the fusion of the Democratic and People's parties in Kansas will not result advantageously to either. The leading Democratic newspaper of the State, and the official organ of the People's movement, has recently declared itself against the Alliance as an unholy fusion, and refuses to give it further support. Leading Democrats in various parts of the State are manifesting like opposition to the fusion, many of them announcing publicly that they will support the Republican State ticket, the election of which they now concede by thirty thousand majority. When we remember that these attempts at fusion have no higher aim than securing the spoils of office, without regard to principle or the best good of the people, it is not surprising that high-minded and conscientious men are beginning to manifest a purpose to rebuke all political attempts of this kind as intrinsically iniquitous and prejudicial to sound morals.

MR. CLEVELAND's letter of acceptance has not given entire satisfaction to many of his oldest and warmest friends in the mugwump ranks. Some of them charge him with cowardice in his declarations upon the tariff and financial questions. Thus, the *Providence Journal*, which has been conspicuous among independent newspapers as a supporter of Mr. Cleveland, says of the tariff paragraphs of his letter, that they are thoroughly confusing "as to what sort of tariff Mr. Cleveland really believes in." Even the *New York Times* speaks of it with hesitating breath, characterizing it as "stiff and heavy." There are few, if any, of the more high-toned and non-partisan journals which regard the letter as creditable either to Mr. Cleveland's judgment or his moral courage. If he backed and filled as to the questions mentioned in the hope that he would thereby catch votes that might otherwise be lost to him, he is likely to find himself most egregiously mistaken.

THE Wisconsin gerrymanders seem to have been practically overthrown by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the State in cases recently submitted to it. The truth is that it is impossible for any honest court to justify legislation so iniquitous and unjust as the average partisan legislative apportionment. All the decisions so far given outside the State of New York have been uniform in holding that there must be some approach to fairness and equality in making up the legislative districts, and that the practice of constituting some districts with four or five times as many voters as others, in order to gain a partisan advantage, cannot be justified or permitted. If the court of last resort in this State shall rise above partisan considerations, and decide this question along the lines of principle and fair play, the infamous apportionments of last winter will be quite as effectually squelched as those of Wisconsin and Indiana, under the decisions of the local courts.

THE *New York Sun* has not infrequently referred to Mr. Cleveland as a "stuffed prophet," a "leviathan," a "man with a big neck," etc. Now comes a Southern orator who compares the ex-President to the glare that comes from the headlight of some giant engine, rushing through the darkness, resistless and fearless. Not satisfied with this sublime description, this remarkable author says that, grand as Mr. Cleveland is in his character as a headlight, he is still grander and more majestic in his notable and beautiful life. This life, we are told, "wraps itself in tender beneficence around the destinies of mankind, and finds its home in the blessed bosom of the Almighty." We do not exactly understand what this means, but there is no doubt at all that it is very fine, and perhaps it may be true as a portrayal of Mr. Cleveland. But if it is, what enormous injustice the *Sun* has been doing Mr. Cleveland all these years in characterizing him as a prophet padded like a saw-dust doll!

THE failure of the Democratic State Committee, at its recent meeting in this city, to nominate a candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals is generally interpreted as indicating a purpose on the part of the Democratic leaders to coerce the Bench into more abject subservience than ever before to the party behests. The understanding was that this nomination would be given to Judge Rufus K. Peckham, the present incumbent of the office by appointment. Judge Peckham, however, has shown an independence of character which inspires Tammany politicians with some doubt as to whether he would be altogether compliant in their hands. They determined, therefore, to put him to the test. An opportunity would be afforded to ascertain how far he proposed to maintain his dignity and independence, by his action in the gerrymander cases

which are now on trial before the court of last resort. If he shall coincide with some of his less sensitive associates in favoring the Democratic view as to the constitutionality of this legislation, possibly he will be given the coveted nomination, but if, on the other hand, he shall act on his honest convictions and refuse to bow the knee to the Democratic Baal, it is quite certain that he will be thrown overboard. It is a case of sheer bulldozing of the judiciary, and it illustrates very strikingly how desperate the Democratic managers have become and how utterly indifferent they are to all considerations of decency and propriety.

WE are not surprised that some of the Democratic managers are doubting the sincerity of Senator Hill and Mr. Bourke Cockran in professing allegiance to Mr. Cleveland. While the more astute of these managers are doing everything in their power to change the issue of the canvass, and escape the consequences of the party declaration in favor of downright free trade, Senator Hill is at great pains in his recent speeches to say, at the expense of his own consistency, that the party declaration at Chicago must stand as final; that the party is inexorably committed to the unconstitutional tariff plank, and so on. This being so, the Democratic triumph would be, of course, a triumph of absolute free trade. As if this were not enough, Mr. Bourke Cockran goes about the State demanding the enforcement of the Democratic proposition in favor of the destruction of the national banking system, and the restoration of the old wild-cat system of State banking, knowing perfectly well as he does so, that this attitude is alienating the support of thousands of men who believe in honest money and understand how disastrously such a policy would result to the best interests of the country. There are those who say that both these distinguished gentlemen really desire to "knife" the Democratic candidate by their peculiar line of argument, and it certainly looks as if that were their deliberate purpose.

THE persistency with which our Democratic friends insist that there is no tin-plate industry in this country is becoming amusing. They cannot always, however, get away from the facts. The other evening, while ex-Senator Miller was speaking, at a great meeting in this city, on the subject of the development of this industry, a workingman handed up to the platform a box of tin plates which had been made that very day, rolled from American steel and manufactured through all its processes. An examination showed the quality and tests to be as good as those of any imported tin plates. Of course such object-lessons as these cannot be successfully disputed, and the efforts which are made to decry and belittle the enlargement of this new industry would be really unaccountable if we did not understand the partisan motive which inspires them. Then, too, evidence from abroad is absolutely conclusive. The *Liverpool Echo*, in an article under date of the 16th of September, declares that the Welsh tin-plate industry is ruined by the McKinley Tariff bill; and it adds, that if Mr. Cleveland, "who has pledged his party to revenue tariff, should fail of success at the Presidential polling, the future of British manufactures, and of all the subsidiaries depending upon this, is dark indeed." It seems to us that it would be wise for the Democracy to acknowledge the facts, instead of so industriously kicking against the pricks, as they continue to do.

WE have already referred to the testimony supplied by English newspapers as to the injurious effects of the McKinley Tariff act upon the industries of Great Britain. Whatever Democratic orators and organs may affirm, these British witnesses declare that protection is neither a fraud nor a delusion. Among the articles which have recently found their way into our current literature one from the *Bartley (Yorkshire) Examiner*, which speaks in terms of the utmost solicitude as to the decay of British trade, is especially significant. Rehearsing the disasters which have overtaken many British and Welsh industries as a result of the hostile tariffs in foreign countries, it says it is no wonder that thoughtful English workingmen are beginning to inquire whether, after all, free trade is the great blessing to the country which they have been from their infancy led to believe. It insists that the only cure for the existing condition of things is to be found in the imposition of retaliatory tariffs on goods imported from this and other countries which have practically closed their markets against England. By way of supporting its statement with reference to the effects of the McKinley law, it refers to the closing of mills for the manufacture of seal and silk plushes, rugs, shawls, and worsteds, which have furnished employment to twelve thousand operatives in Huddersfield and Hurbury. They find it almost impossible, it says, to continue with any degree of success the manufacture of these goods in free-trade England, but in protectionist America they will succeed in building up a business which will require the employment of ten thousand hands. It suggests to English writers that it may be well to consider what such results mean to the business future of England.



1. THE NEW Foyer. 2. Mlle. Fougere. 3. SCENE FROM THE NEW BALLET, "CHIONE"—THE PAS DE DEUX. 4. MME. MANTALINI. 5. THE USHER. 6. THE PAGE.

A THEATRICAL INNOVATION—CHANGES AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY F. J. MEERER AND A. MOORES.—[SEE PAGE 267.]



THE BALLET AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK—SCENE FROM THE "BLACK CROOK—THE QUARTETTE OF FRENCH DANCERS.—[SEE PAGE 267.]



THE COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION—THE GERMAN IMPERIAL BUILDING, DESIGNED FOR THE NATIONAL EXHIBITS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 263.]

A GEORGIA CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

"IF I can carry Lincoln County, I will be the next Governor of Georgia, Sutton. Do you think it can be done?"

General Henry S. Farnham looked at his lieutenant as he spoke without much anxiety or emotion. Whatever Sutton could do he knew he would do. He had worked wonders in some parts of the State. Could he convert Lincoln? It was the strongest Thompson county in the State. But its vote was needed in the convention to assure him the Democratic nomination; and that in Georgia was equivalent to an election. Sutton studied the situation for a minute before he answered; looking at the floor, swinging his feet at the side of his chair as he meditated. He was a short, chunky man, with a round, pleasant, non-committal face; a little straight mustache bordering his upper lip, leaving his mouth perfectly free. His eyes had a twinkle with a commercial value. It was worth a good many votes in a personal canvass.

"Do you think we can do it?" asked the general again.

"I reckon," said Sutton. "We've done things just as hard. I've carried twelve out of fourteen counties that you'd given up. And I'd've carried the other two if I hadn't been kept away from 'em by accident. Did you know I had to swim the river twice, gen'l, while I was out this last time?"

"No," said the general. "How did that happen?"

"High water. They wa'n't no bridge, and the water was so swift I was afraid to trust a horse, so I put my things on a log and swam across. I had to laugh, thinkin' of the time my clothes sunk. I neva told you that, gen'l. You see, I was out with some of the boys near the river. I'm a fast-rate swimmer, and I was bound I'd have a swim. I was on my way to the station, wheah I was to meet the judges of the Supreme Court, who'd accepted an invitation to dine with me that day. So, as the station was down the river a bit, I thought I'd swim down theah, and I put my clothes in a boat I found on the bank, intendin' that they sh'd float down with me. Well, sub, the first thing I knew that dog-oned boat capsized, and theah I was with nothin' on, and all my clothes at the bottom of the river. They wasn't nothin' to be done but to dive and get 'em. My undies-clothin' was gone, but I managed to get a pair of trousers and a shirt to hide my nakedness. They was drippin', of co'se, and I had to hide behind the station 'tel the train pulled out. Then theah I was, receivin' the Supreme Court in my bare feet and drippin' clothes. They didn't care, though. They on'y laughed."

The general had listened with marked appreciation. The picture of the little man standing in his wet shirt and trousers to receive the judges of the Supreme Court of Georgia was very ludicrous, and he laughed over the conclusion of the story until the tears stood in his eyes.

"Well, Sutton," he said, still laughing, "I hope you didn't lose your clothing in my interest."

"Not this trip," said Sutton. "But tell me, gen'l, when do they hold the mass-meetin' in Lincoln?"

"Day after to-morrow," said the general. "There isn't much time. To tell the truth, the county has seemed so hopeless to me I have given it very little thought before. But now that I realize that I am so near the nomination, and that Lincoln County will assure it to me, I have a feeling that we ought to make some effort to capture it."

"We'll do it, sub," said Sutton, confidently. "The mass-meetin' will be held at Hawkins, I suppose." He pulled a time-table out of his pocket. "By the regular train I couldn't get there befo' to-morrow midnight. But I can pick up a freight at the junction, I think, that'll get me through befo' that. I leave theah in a half-hour. Good-bye, gen'l. I'll let you know how we come out."

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the following day a pudgy little man with a good-natured but very dirty face, dropped off a freight train at the little town of Hawkins. He wore a linen duster and carried a worn traveling-bag in his hand. There was no one about the station at the time except the station-master; but the traveler found quite a gathering in the dining-room of the little hotel across the road. He dropped his bag at the dining-room door, but he did not wait to remove his duster or to wash his hands before sitting down at the table and calling for

something to eat. He had had no food since early morning. As he ate, though, he listened, and from chance remarks he learned that Judge Thompson had made a speech at Hawkins that day and had deepened the enthusiasm for him.

"You all seem to be havin' right smart of a political excitement," he ventured, between mouthfuls, to a quiet man who sat almost at his elbow.

"Right smart," was the brief reply.

"Local election?"

"No; gubernatorial."

"How are yo' people?"

His questions had attracted the attention of several members of the group, and one of them, who seemed to have been doing most of the talking, answered for the quiet man: "We're for Thompson, stranghai. We've been fo' him all along, but since he was down theah to-day and made us a talk we'll wipe up the ground 'th Farnham. They's a hundred votes in this place, and they ain't but three of 'm for Farnham."

The stranger smiled. "I'd like to know who those three men are," he said. "They must be mighty brave men to stand out against nearly a hundred of you all."

"Cap'n Forbes, the store-keeper, he's one of 'em," said the spokesman. "But who might you be, stranghai?"

"Oh, I'm just traveling through this country," was the non-committal reply.

"Drumma?"

"No; just travelin'," said the stranger; and as he had finished his meal, he got up and cut off further questioning with: "Good-evenin', gentlemen. I must be goin'."

Then he sauntered out of the dining-room and, after making arrangements with the clerk for a room at the hotel, went out on the street.

"Look heah, boy," he said to the first colored man he met, "I'll give you a half-dollar to take me to Cap'n Forbes' sto'."

The half-dollar was easily earned, for the store was not a hundred yards away. Captain Forbes was busy with some customers and Sutton hung about until they had left the store. Then he took the store-keeper aside and said: "I understand you're a Farnham man."

"I am." The store-keeper pointed to the empty sleeve at his left side. "I lost that arm under General Farnham," he said with some feeling, "and I'd give the other one to see him made Governor."

"I can trust you," said Sutton. "I come heah from Gen'l Farnham. He recognizes yo' influence and he has sent me heah to see if Lincoln County can't be carried fo' him to-morrow."

Forbes shook his head. "I'm afraid it can't be done," he said. "There are only three Farnham men in this place. The country round is full of them, but just at this season the farmers can't afford to leave their fields. The town will do all the voting, and that means that the Lincoln County delegates will be for Thompson."

"Who are the gen'l's friends?" said Sutton.

"There's Keyes, the liveryman. He's as strong a Farnham man as there is in the State, though he is a Yankee."

"Can you send fo' him?"

"I'll bring him here myself in three minutes."

It was a little more than three minutes later when the store-keeper returned, bringing a tall, thin, sharp-featured man. "A Democratic Yankee," Forbes called him.

"You keep the livery heah?" said Sutton.

"How many ho'ses have you?"

"Sixteen."

"I want to hire all of 'em until this time to-morrow. What will it cost me?"

At first the liveryman said fifty dollars; but when he learned, a few minutes later, in whose interest they were wanted, he reduced the price to twenty-five dollars. Sutton paid him the money. Then he gave him one hundred dollars more.

"I want you to go out," he said, "and hire every ho'se and mule around theah and bring them to yo' stable. Bring two teams heah—one fo' the cap'n and one fo' me. When you've got all the animals in yo' stable lock 'em up and take one of yo' own teams. The cap'n and you and I'll drive out into the country. Go to every farm-house and pay the farmer fo' his day's work to-morrow. Tell him to hitch up his team and drive into town befo' noon. Tell him to bring with him every Farnham man he can find. Tell him that Gen'l Farnham's election depends on him. We'll have that mass-meetin' packed plumb full."

The teams were at the door in a few minutes. Captain Forbes divided the territory, and Sut-

ton and he started in opposite directions, leaving Keyes to gather in the animals before canvassing his section.

At five o'clock the next morning Sutton drove up to the door of Keyes's stable. Keyes was lounging on a small stool smoking a pipe.

"How about the men?" said Sutton, as he sprang from the wagon and began to help unharness the tired horses.

"There'll be plenty of them here before noon," said Keyes. "They'll all come."

"And the ho'ses?"

"There ain't an animal to be had within three miles of here. I've got a drove of 'em inside."

The wagon was rolled into the shed, the horses taken to their stalls. Keyes locked the door of the stable and handed the key to Sutton.

"They're yours to-day," he said. "I can get in through this windy if they need anything. If you've got the keys I can't hire none of 'em out even if I wanted to."

Sutton put the keys in his pocket and went to the hotel. He rumpled the sheets and covering of his bed to make it appear as though he had slept in it. A little cold water made him feel almost as fresh as a good night's rest. He had no time for sleep. The train for Beale left at half-past six. He went down-stairs. The clerk was just up and was taking a dip in a basin resting on one of the office chairs. Sutton asked how much he owed, paid it, and walked over to the station. In a few minutes he was on the way to Beale. It was only a ten-minute ride. Presently he was pacing up and down the station platform at Beale, questioning the lank ticket agent. There were about forty voters in the town, most of them employed at a turpentine still. None of them thought of going to Hawkins. Most of them were Farnham men. These facts Sutton learned before the little town was fairly astir. He got some breakfast, and at eight o'clock walked over to the turpentine still.

"I can throw any of you fellows for a dollar," he said, jocularly. A little badinage on this subject passed. Then the subject of politics was broached.

"Gen'l Farnham thinks he has a good many friends heah," said Sutton.

"We're all for Farnham," said one of the men, "but I reckon they've got things fixed up at Hawkins for the other man."

"I don't know 'bout that," said Sutton. "I think if you all 'll come up to Hawkins we can beat those Thompson men."

"What d'ye say, boys?" said the spokesman.

"We ain't got any railroad tickets," said one of them.

"I'll have tickets for you all," said Sutton. "You meet me at the train at ten minutes to eleven."

It was quickly understood, and when the north-bound train stopped at the little station there were thirty-three passengers waiting for it. Sutton had bought thirty-two tickets, which he handed to the leader of the still-workers. He slipped away from them and boarded the last car, while they crowded into the smoking-car ahead. When the train reached Hawkins Sutton came forward.

"You boys go up to the co't-house," he said, "and I'll be theah at noon. I don't want to be seen with you now."

Captain Forbes was in his store when Sutton walked in. "I want fo' boxes of axe-helves," he said. "Send 'em up to the coronah's office." The coroner was the third Farnham man in the little town. His office was in the court-house. On the way there Sutton met the leader of the Beale party and explained the use of the axe-helves to him. They were to be distributed among his men. Sutton was to take the floor as soon as the meeting was called to order. He was to speak as long as he could, to give the farmers time to come in to the meeting. At intervals he would draw a white handkerchief from his pocket. That would be the signal for the Beale men to use their axe-helves on the floor and the court-house benches in vigorous applause. When he had had time to "get his wind" again he would draw a red handkerchief from his pocket, when the applause would cease.

All through the forenoon farm wagons had come into Hawkins, each with its load of four, five, and six men. The first two or three had excited some surprise. When the number increased rapidly, toward eleven o'clock, the local political leaders began to be alarmed. There were Thompson men out in the county, and after a brief consultation they decided to send for them. But they searched in vain for horses for their messengers. The stable was locked, and Keyes, when found, said that he had hired out all of his horses. Every man in the neighborhood who owned a horse was appealed to; but, with the exception of the doctor, every one had rented his team for the day, and he did not

know even where it was. The noon hour was drawing near. It was growing too late to send for any voters, but the number in town would fairly outbalance those who had arrived by wagon and by train. The hour for the meeting came. The court-house was well filled. Sutton stood near the judge's low rostrum. He had put his duster on over his shirt, for it was a warm day and he had hard work before him. Near the door stood Captain Forbes checking off the Farnham men as they entered. He shook his head at Sutton. The number was not enough to overcome the Thompson vote.

The meeting was called to order. Before any motion could be made or any name offered to it Sutton mounted the rostrum, and deferentially addressing the chairman, turned to the audience and began to speak. His talk was rambling. He began with a glowing eulogy of the Democratic party, drifted from politics to a discussion of the crops, came back to politics and the tariff, and talked about the coming contest for the Presidency. He made only one allusion to the governorship—a brief eulogy of General Farnham.

The crowd listened with some curiosity at first. Then, as the stranger's talk began to spin out, there were manifestations of disapproval, culminating in an interruption by one of the Hawkins men, who sprang to his feet to shout: "Who is this intruder?" The demand was drowned in the rattle of axe-helves and the cheers and cries of the Beale men. When the noise had subsided Sutton went on. At intervals he drew out his white handkerchief, and the applause that followed the signal was deafening. The interruptions of the Hawkins men were met in the same way. After a time they were inclined to pick a quarrel with the Beale men; but the axe-helves looked too formidable, and they smothered their indignation. All of this time the farmers were coming into the room, singly and in groups, and Captain Forbes was checking them off. At half-past one o'clock he looked across and nodded at Sutton. The speaker was very tired by this time, and his voice was hoarse; but the game was too important for him to take any chance of losing it now. So he kept on talking for another quarter of an hour. In that time he had seen at least twenty more farmers enter the room. Then he bowed to his audience and brought his speech to an abrupt conclusion. The Beale brigade made a determined onslaught on the benches. When the noise had subsided Captain Forbes took the floor and named delegates to the nominating convention. Thompson delegates were placed in nomination by the Hawkins men, and the voting began. There was little doubt of the result from the beginning. Sutton elbowed his way through the crowd and stood at the door waiting for the announcement. When it was made he hurried down the street to the telegraph-office, while the thunder of the axe-helves and the cheers of the farmers echoed behind him. When he had made half the distance he heard the beat of horses' hoofs. Before he could look around he was caught by the arms on each side, and swinging in the air, held aloft between two galloping horses, he was carried in triumph through the town.

That evening General Farnham was seated in consultation with some of his supporters when a dispatch was handed to him. He read it, and with a smile handed it to his secretary to read aloud.

"There is only one man in the world who could have done it," he said.

The telegram read as follows:

"GENERAL HENRY S. FARNHAM, ATLANTA:—We have carried Lincoln County for you by sixty-three. Congratulations to our next Governor. SUTTON."

LOVE CAN SEE.

WELL may lovers scorn the proverb
Which says love is blind;
For they know the passion gives them
Sight of higher kind.
Half of life's delights are hidden,
Like the flowers at night,
Till the flame of hearts ignited
Floods the world with light.

Unguessed good which lies about us
Love illuminates,
And, as from an angel's censer,
From it emanates
A condensed and mystic essence,
Perfumed like the rose,
Soothing heartaches into raptures,
Cares to sweet repose.

Lovers see what others see not,
Their is deeper sight;
From what seem but weeds of sorrow
They distill delight.
Call not blind those ardent dreamers
Who the veil unroll
From the hidden joys of nature—
Love can see the soul.

GUSTAVE BEAUSÉNEUR.

BASE-BALL.

BASE-BALL as a source of enjoyment would be better appreciated if attention were given to analyzing the scientific possibilities that are involved in the different elements of the game, and a cultivation of a knowledge of the art that must be employed to accomplish good individual results. It is not my intention to indulge in reminiscent wanderings, for every school-boy must know that the game as played to-day is a derivation of an old English sport called "rounders," but the changes that have been made in the rules since organized experience has been employed to elevate the standard of the game have been so many that base-ball bears no more resemblance to its original self than the prehistoric mammal did to a pug dog.

It is unfortunate for the success of the national game that casual spectators fail to observe, much less appreciate, the finer points of scientific ball-playing that are employed by professional men. It is a fact that the most severe critics comprise the great army of the unwashed who throng the "bleacheries," as the uncovered field seats are called, and who enjoy the distinction of being called "cranks." It is from that point that the players look first for commendation when any particularly good effort has resulted favorably, and it is the condemnation of the "cranks" that is feared most. This condition of things is, perhaps, explained by the fact that the patrons of the "bleacheries" have more than a theoretical knowledge of the possibilities of the game. They are all ball-players, though of various degrees of ability. They have an intelligent appreciation of the fact that a great deal of study and practice must have been indulged in by a pitcher before he developed a thorough knowledge of how to curve the ball in and out, shoot it up or down, give it a straight or reverse "English," as twisting the ball is called, or to indulge in the hundred and one little tricks that are employed to deceive a good batsman. The "crank" knows that much of the success of a professional pitcher depends upon his knowledge of the peculiarities of the batsman who opposes him, and also that a successful batsman knows the weaknesses of every pitcher and makes this knowledge valuable to him at opportune times. It takes several years for these men to learn each other. The pitcher must know, first, what kind of a ball suits the opposing batsman, so as to avoid delivering it to him; or a study is made to deliver a ball that will apparently be of a kind that the batsman will hit at, but just before the crucial moment arrives and the batsman has determined to swing his bat, the ball is made to curve either in or out, either too close to the body or too far out to be hit with effectiveness. This is called, in professional parlance, a "bite."

A reference to No. 18 in the accompanying page of illustrations shows Allen, of Philadelphia, in the act of striking at an out curve. It is evident to any observer that the ball is beyond the reach of the bat, and was designedly delivered by the pitcher to induce him to strike at it.

Of pitching, the name is all that remains of it as an early art. No element of the game has gone through so many alterations during the past twenty years. It was pitching pure and simple, in all that the word implies, at first, but now the value of speed has been determined, and the art of pitching has been relegated to throwing the ball in any way that will facilitate its effectiveness. In the old days a ball was delivered to the batter in much the same way that a ten-pin bowler sends the ball down an alley. A sweeping underhand swing was employed. In delivering the ball this way no curves could be utilized, and the only thing a pitcher could do that might be called strategic was to try and control the ball so that a batsman might hit it to some part of the field, where dependence was placed upon the assistance of the members of the team. It was soon discovered that what was then called an illegal delivery gave more speed to the ball, besides enabling the pitcher to control it more effectively. Subsequent rulings that were made brought the line of delivery to the waist, then to the shoulder, and then no limit was placed upon the line at all; and now, if it will facilitate a pitcher's work, he can deliver the ball from above his head if he so chooses. The attitudes assumed by some pitchers while in the act of delivering the ball are ludicrous in the extreme. No. 2 among the illustrations depicts Keefe, of Philadelphia, just in the act of letting the ball leave his hand. No. 34 shows Gleason, of Philadelphia, in the act of recovering his equilibrium after the ball has been delivered. No. 12 shows Keefe the instant before the act of recovering his balance has begun. No. 25 shows Crane, of New York, in an amusing attitude just as he is working up the needful muscular power that enables him to deliver the speediest ball of any pitcher in the

National League. Clements's attitude in No. 39 is a striking one.

The subject of speedy pitching recently aroused Mr. Henry Chadwick, the veteran player and critic, to say that the experience of the past season in connection with the limit of speed in pitching, as to the point when it ceases to be effective, presents some valuable suggestions which team managers and captains will do well to bear in mind. Three years ago the swift pitching, which had then reached about the highest point in speed, proved to be so costly in its wear and tear upon the catchers that clubs had to engage a corps of reserve catchers in order to go through a season's campaign with any degree of success. Afterward, however, the introduction of the catcher's breast-pad and protective gloves led to some relief being afforded the catchers who had been called upon to face the swift pitching of the "cyclone" pitchers of the period. The season of 1891 was marked by some exhibitions of swift pitching unequalled in the annals of the game, and yet it was not effective in placing the team which held the cyclone pitchers in the lead. If the speed is too great for catchers to handle even with the protection and defensive paraphernalia at command which the breast-pads, the mask, and the padded gloves of the period yield, why then it is worse than useless. It was skillful, strategic pitching which helped to win the pennant in 1891, and not "cyclone" pitching. Speed is all very well as an aid to success, but without the best catching to support it, and thorough command of the ball to give full effect, it is more costly than otherwise.

The skill of the batsman must not be estimated lower than that employed by any other specialist. As a matter of fact, it is timely and effective batting, or lack of it, that wins or loses games. There are many elements that combine to qualify a ball-player's prestige as a good batsman. Besides being acquainted with the features of a pitcher's delivery he must be possessed of an ability to judge quickly and use his judgment with purpose in the matter of determining just what kind of batting to do to be effective, for the more the chances given the field for catches by the batting side, the weaker the batting. The acme of scientific batting is the placing of balls from skillful, strategic pitching. It is very difficult to do it, but it can be done. John Ward is one of the class who does it finely. Another feature of scientific batting is the tapping of the ball safely to short outfield for single hits off swift pitching. Then, too, the "bunting" of the ball for base hits is another

feature, and I know of no prettier hit when done properly. But to bunt the ball successfully requires great skill. Not one batsman in twenty can do this bunting properly. It is laughable to see a batsman who is used to the old-time slugging try to do it. They think it's so easy, whereas it is far easier to hit out for a home run than to earn a base by a good bunt.

The cuts illustrating the different positions assumed by batsmen in the act of hitting the ball are particularly good. Mr. Hemmelt, the artist, has shown splendid powers of discrimination in selecting his subjects. No. 7 among the illustrations, showing Anson, the veteran

captain of the Chicago club, in the act of letting a ball thrown to him at first base slip through his legs, is deserving of much attention. The portrait is a good one, and the subject is one that will commend itself to all base-ball enthusiasts. A characteristic pose is shown by Brouthers, the first-baseman of the Brooklyn club, in No. 5. He is a giant in stature, and even with his immense height he is seen to have some difficulty in stopping a ball thrown over his head. It might be said the catching of the ball on that occasion by Brouthers saved the Brooklyn from being defeated.

Look down at the bottom of the page, and in No. 35 John Montgomery Ward is shown in a characteristic attitude as he is in the act of receiving a grounder coming to him at second base. Ward has acquired great proficiency as a ball-player, and in the category of widely-known players classes with Anson, Kelly, and Ewing. Last season his record in the eighteen games which he played at second base was sixty-nine times at bat, fifteen runs, twenty-two base hits, fifty-six put-outs, fifty-eight assistances, four fielding errors, seventeen stolen bases, and five sacrifice hits. Ward's percentage of chances accepted as second baseman in eighteen games is .966, the best average known in the annals of the league. Ward's percentage in eighty-six games as short stop was .916.

The illustrations are all characteristic subjects, and form a nucleus for study to those who understand base-ball from a scientific point of view, as well as those who have but a rudimentary knowledge of it. S. C. AUSTIN.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE triennial council of the Protestant Episcopal Church of North America is in session in Baltimore this month from the 5th inst. until about the 26th. It is one of the most important of the thirty-nine General Conventions which have been held since the Protestant Episcopal Church was established in this country during the last century. According to the government of the church any revision of its laws must be adopted by one convention, then made known to every diocese, and finally adopted by the ensuing convention. It thus happens that the present body has coming over for its consideration some of the most important matters ever legislated upon by the church. Three of these are particularly interesting: first, the revision of the Liturgy, so as to give greater flexibility

The church in which the convention meets is Emmanuel, one of the fashionable edifices of the city, of which Rev. Dr. J. H. Eccleston is the rector. A new organ, probably the finest in the South, was put in the church for the occasion. By many, this convention is considered the ablest body that meets in the United States.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE P. S. GILMORE.

THE sudden death at St. Louis, on the 24th ult., of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the eminent band-master, was mourned far and wide throughout the United States, for no public personage enjoyed a wider or more cordial personal popularity than he. The impressive and beautiful funeral, in New York, on the 28th ult., was a fitting demonstration of the affectionate esteem in which the dead musician was held. Simple services were held at the Gilmore residence in Eighty-sixth Street, after which the flag-draped coffin was borne down town to the grand church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth Street, escorted by a cortege which included a band of music, a detachment of members of the Twenty-second Regiment in uniform, representatives of the Musicians' Mutual Protective Union, the Catholic Club, Press Club, Irish National League, etc. Throngs of reverent spectators lined the streets, and an immense concourse overflowed the church, where the wealth of flowers and the music, with the solemn requiem mass of the Roman Church, made a singularly impressive scene. The Rev. Father Pardo preached an eloquent funeral sermon from Ecclesiastes xii. After the ceremonies at the church the line of march was resumed to the Brooklyn ferry, and thence to Calvary Cemetery, where military honors were paid by the firing of a triple volley over the bier. The body was placed in a receiving-vault to await burial.

THE GERMAN BUILDING AT THE CHICAGO FAIR.

ALTHOUGH the industrials of the German Empire did not at first think favorably of the World's Exhibition at Chicago, it becomes more and more apparent that their opinion has undergone a radical change. Even the government shows its deep interest in the matter by erecting a structure never surpassed by any building erected by it at any similar occasion.

The dimensions of this building will be 125 x 100 feet. In the centre of it there will be a chapel fifty feet deep containing an entire exhibition of organs, painted and stained church windows, crucifixes, sacred vessels, shrines for relics, and other artistically executed implements of church service. Another attraction will be a steeple one hundred feet high, with bells designed for Grace Church in Berlin. The walls will be decorated with paintings of the "Nuremberg" and "Munich" schools, and the impression of refined solidity will be visible in every detail of the structure.

Over the main entrance is the following motto:

"Nährhaft und wehrhaft.
Voll Korn und voll Wein,
Voll Kraft und Eisen,
Klangreich gedankenreich,
Ich will Dich preisen, Vaterland mein."

Visitors entering the exhibition in honor of Columbus will, no doubt, be agreeably surprised to find that the memory of the great German inventor, Gutenberg, without whose primitive hand-presses even the discovery of America would not have acquired the immense importance it had, is not entirely neglected.

A large part of the building will be reserved for a collective exhibition representing the German book trade in all its branches. More than three hundred of the most renowned German publishers have already declared their intention to take part in demonstrating at Chicago the progress of the German art of book printing.

Many celebrated scientific institutions and libraries are also interested to make this original German undertaking a success.

THE DORÉ EXHIBITION.

AFTER twenty-one years of successful exhibition in London, the Doré Gallery, so-called, has been opened to the New York public. The exhibition consists of a number of canvases, many of them huge in size, two of the largest being thirty by twenty feet each. The public is already familiar with Doré's genius from his numerous illustrations of Dante, the Bible, Don Quixote, etc., and there is no possible doubt of his genius as an illustrator. The pictures, however, pretentious as they are, on the whole seem like an enlargement of his illustrations, and do not appear to have received the serious consideration that the magnitude of such works calls for.

The exhibition, however, is well worth a visit, and we shall probably hereafter have something to say in regard to it.

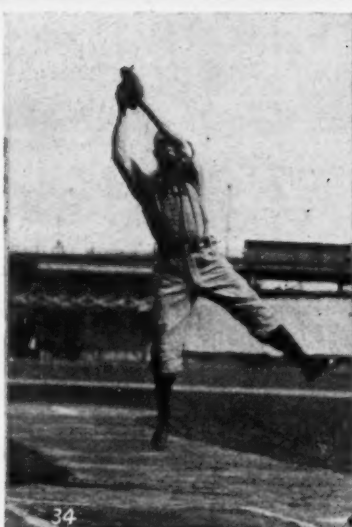
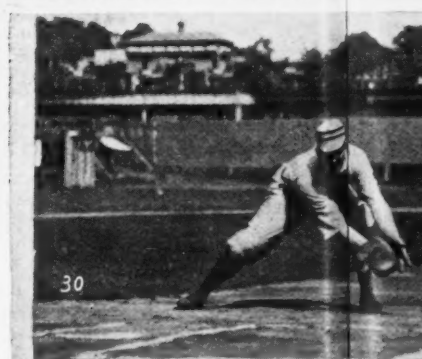
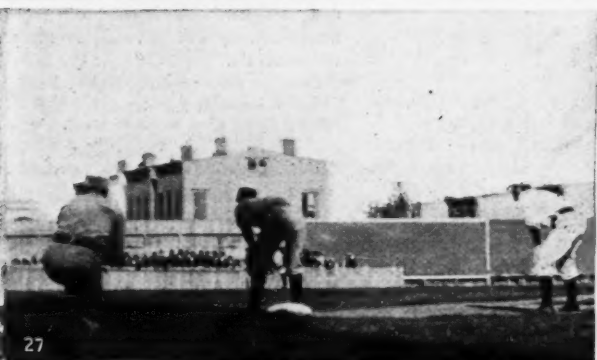
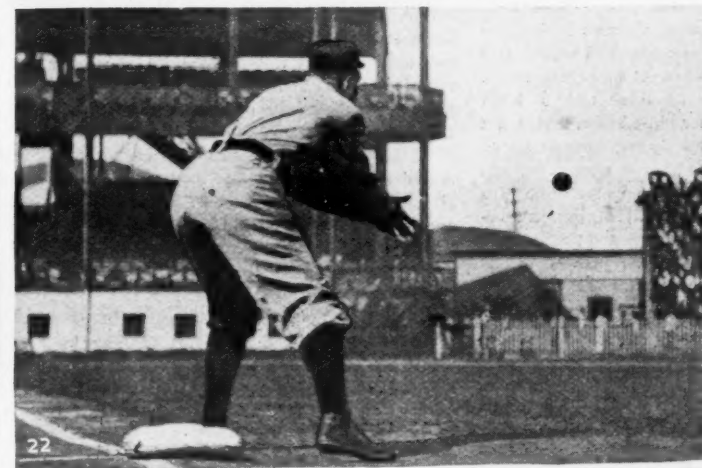
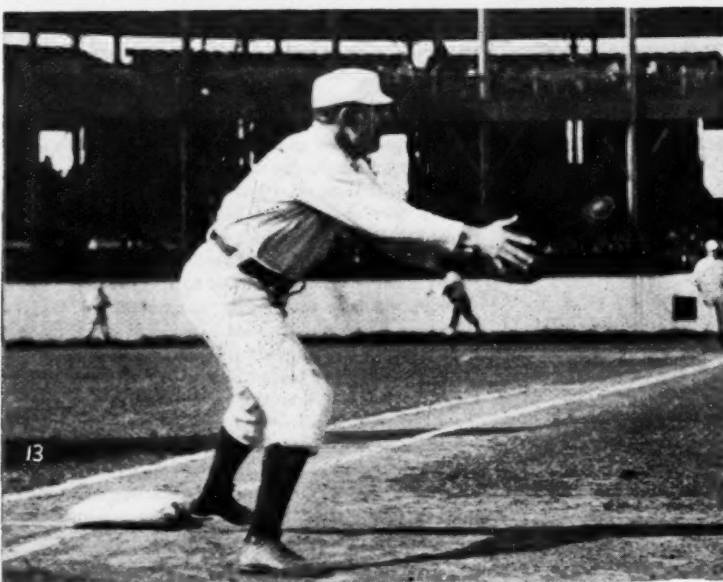


EMMANUEL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

feature, and I know of no prettier hit when done properly. But to bunt the ball successfully requires great skill. Not one batsman in twenty can do this bunting properly. It is laughable to see a batsman who is used to the old-time slugging try to do it. They think it's so easy, whereas it is far easier to hit out for a home run than to earn a base by a good bunt.

The cuts illustrating the different positions assumed by batsmen in the act of hitting the ball are particularly good. Mr. Hemmelt, the artist, has shown splendid powers of discrimination in selecting his subjects. No. 7 among the illustrations, showing Anson, the veteran

to the service and more discretion to the clergyman; second, the revision of the Hymnal, which will exclude many hymns heretofore retained; and third, the discussion of the subject of Church Union as proposed on the basis adopted by the famous conference at Lambeth. The convention numbers over five hundred members. The House of Bishops, over which Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, presides, has sixty-seven members; and the House of Deputies, over which Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of New York, presides, has four clergymen and four laymen from each diocese. Baltimore's hospitality is doing its best in the entertainment of visitors.



1. Clements stops it. 2. Tim Keefe pitching. 3. Hallman hangs the ball. 4. Epper at the bat. 5. Dan Bronthers gets a high one. 6. Duffy has his eye on it. 7. The ball goes between Anson's legs. 8. Griffin gets in on the fly. 9. Cl...
16. Ward tries for a double play. 17. Tommy Burns after a sky-scraper. 18. Allen fooled. 19. Daly watching and waiting. 20. Amos Rusie. 21. Joyce guards third. 22. Pop Anson on first. 23. Griffin and a low on...
30. Clements takes it any way. 31. Crane ready to pitch. 32. Delehanty at bat. 33. Nash scoops in a grounder. 34. Gleason captures it. 35. Johnny Ward makes a muff. 36.



6. Griffin and a low one. 7. Clements nabs his man on second. 8. Cross makes a great stop. 9. Gangel gets a wide one. 10. Keefe's delivery. 11. Broutbars scoop them in on first. 12. Cooney picks up the grounders. 13. Connor at first bag. 14. Tucker reaches for them. 15. Crane in the box. 16. Darby O'Brien after it. 17. Brooklyn vs. Boston—at first base, Ward laying off. 18. Ward not out. 19. Cross down on his knee for it. 20. Kaper sends them in. 21. Thompson bunts. 22. Foutz puts it over the plate. 23. Clements quick through to first. 24. Long and Quinn make a double play.

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

PATHOS AND HUMOR IN THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

ALMOST in the heart of this city stands the headquarters of the police department of this great city. Officially it is designated as No. 300 Mulberry Street. In erecting the building its designers spent the most money where it would do the most good. The front of the structure is of spotless white marble, and shows its best side, the west front, to the most respectable citizens of the community, the business men and manufacturers, whose places of business are all in front of it. When these men have occasion to go there they think it is quite a respectable-looking place, bearing no trace of the harrowing scenes that have been enacted within its walls. But the poor, the miserable, and the depraved, whose squalid homes are on the East Side, approach it with different feelings, for it shows its worst side to them. They enter it through the Mott Street side, which is of brick, dirty and weather-stained. Over this entrance is a common wood sign bearing the words "Health Department." The projectors of the building must have had a grim sense of humor in assigning the Health Board to this end of the building, so that they might receive the full benefit of the various odors that might come from that portion of the town inhabited by the poorest, dirtiest, and most miserable natives of every nation on the face of the earth.

Having no business with that end of the building, we will leave the Health Board to enjoy what they are paid to remedy—the foul odors—and seek the Bureau of Information.

There is probably no other room of its size in this city which witnesses more really pathetic scenes, and at times more amusing ones, than this one. The room designated by that important title is on the main floor of the building, just to the right of the Mulberry Street entrance. It is about ten feet wide by thirteen in length, and is imperfectly lighted by two windows which open upon a littered court-yard. The room is one of the gloomiest places imaginable, except on the very brightest days, and even then the odor of blue mould is there. One side of the room is taken up with a cabinet containing a pigeon-hole for each precinct, in which all communications for the captains are placed. Beside each window is a desk, one for Sergeant John Harley, who is in charge of the bureau during the day, and the other for his assistant, Policeman Halfpenny. Another desk is in the front of the office, behind the railing which divides the room, and is used by Sergeant John Kellaher, who is in charge from five o'clock in the evening until midnight. After that hour it is used by Policeman Brady, who is supreme there until eight o'clock in the morning, when Sergeant Harley and his assistant again take charge.

It is here that all persons are sent who are worried at the unaccountable absence from home of some loved one; here, also, are kept the descriptions of those unfortunate waifs found abandoned in the streets. All these latter are numbered and the descriptions entered in a book marked "Foundlings." Rarely, indeed, is it that beside any of these numbers are the officers called upon to write "Claimed by its mother." The general entry for them is "Committed to care of charities commissioners." The commissioners send them to Ward's Island, and those who live are kept until they are old enough to be apprenticed to farmers in the West. They are then sent out to fight the battle against the world without a name. God only knows how many do it successfully.

As the hours of the day change, so do the characters of the callers at the bureau change.

In the morning, from six to eleven o'clock, the callers are chiefly women, searching for husbands or fathers who have not been at home all night. The applicant for information in nearly every case says that the missing one is a sober, steady man, whose absence can only be explained by the theory of an accident. The accident-book is searched, and in nine cases out of ten the name sought for is not there. When the officer hints that he will look in the book in which the arrests are recorded, the caller usually draws back hurt at the suggestion, but she is persuaded to stay until that process is gone through with, "just to prove that the officer is wrong." Indignation quickly turns to shame as the officer's finger stops at an entry, and he reads, slowly: "John Smith, fifty, married, white; occupation, clerk; drunk and disorderly, arrested by Officer Doe, Eighty-eighth Precinct, at 1 A.M." Then raising his eyes without evincing surprise—he has known many such cases—he asks: "Is that your man?" and without waiting for an answer from the quivering-lipped woman, he copies the entry on a piece of paper, together with the address of the police court the prisoner is arraigned in, and hands it to the

anxious inquirer, who is now only eager to get away with her new sorrow. Too often after that John Smith's name appears on the blotter, but no one calls again to see if he has met with an accident, except in a few cases, when some one may come to say that no trace of him can be found in the police courts. Then the list of unknown dead in the morgue will be read, a description will fit him, his name will be inscribed under it, and that John Smith will have been entered for the last time. But there will be many more John Smiths, and the grind goes on.

From ten o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening the cases change. Men who have been missing for several days are searched for at that time, and their relatives, after fruitless wanderings through the prisons, hospitals, and the morgue, find that publicity cannot longer be avoided, and want a general alarm sent out. The next day the newspapers contain a paragraph about the mysterious disappearance of Thomas Brown, a trusted employé, whose brain is supposed to be affected by overwork. A day or two later the case is again taken up in the newspapers, but this time nothing is said of his mind being affected; his employers have examined his accounts, and found that another man has gone wrong—absconded. The police are always skeptical of hints of foul play or accident in connection with missing persons. They say experience has taught them what to expect.

So the people come and go with stories of hardship and sadness, while the policeman sits in the intervals between the tales and wonders if the promised promotion will ever come. A woman with tear-stained face interrupts his thoughts to ask if he has heard of her wayward daughter, who wanted to be an actress. Advice is given here, and she goes on her way broken-hearted to search for her child, only to find her perhaps too late. Ere the policeman can continue his reverie a young woman comes timidly in with a baby in her arms—her husband has deserted her and their child. She is sent to a police court for a warrant, and the policeman mentally complains of the life of drudgery he leads. His bemoanings are disturbed by a policeman from a remote precinct, come to get the letters from the pigeon-hole for his captain, who, on his way out, wonders how that other fellow got such a "soft" detail.

After seven o'clock in the evening the precincts send in all the lost children found during the day; a description of their clothing is taken, together with their names, if they can tell them. Most of them can give the pet name they are known by at home, and the sergeant records, with perfect gravity, that the child's name is "Tootsey-wootsey," "Dottie," "Jimmie," or "Mamma's boy," or "Papa's angel," and sends them up-stairs to be washed and fed by Matron Travers. About nine o'clock, usually, the distracted parents arrive, declaring wildly that their children have been kidnapped, like Charlie Ross. They are sent up-stairs, and in a few moments come down smiling, oblivious of everything in their joy at recovering their darlings.

When midnight comes it often brings with it an anxious parent looking for a young man, a child to him still, who never was out after eleven o'clock in his life before; who doesn't drink or smoke, and has no bad habits. The telegraphic dispatches of the day's accidents are looked over. If no trace of the missing lad is found the father is told to come again in the morning, if his son has not got home in the meantime. Generally he has. The father often gets home to meet his wife at the door, her eyes filled with tears, and learns that their boy—their child, their baby—has asserted his manhood (?) and taken the first step toward ruin. Sometimes he does not come home by morning, and the second call at the bureau reveals his name among the arrests.

Occasionally an unexpected romance is brought to light in that dismal room. One morning, a few years ago, two ladies called to report the disappearance of a young lady who had left her home on Staten Island the day previous, to do some shopping in New York; she had not returned home all night. No trace could be found of the girl on the books. The ladies left their address and went away. Shortly after an old gentleman called to report the disappearance of his son, who had not been at his home in Harlem since the previous day. Nothing could be found of him. Two days later the old gentleman called again to say that he had received a telegram from his son, from Chicago. Investigation showed that he had eloped with the Staten Island girl.

The policeman doesn't moralize over the fate of these cases; his time is taken up strengthening

his "pull" to obtain either a "softer" detail or promotion.

There is another class of visitors that render life burdensome to the officials in the bureau. These are the "cranks." Cranks of all kinds, ages, and manias go there to pour their grievances into the ears of whoever will listen. Some go only once, others call fortnightly, and a few oftener. Among the "regulars" as these latter are called, is an old woman with silvery hair and a sharp-featured face, who wants the Chicago directory searched for trace of her son. He went to that city twenty years ago, she says, and changed his name, to what she cannot tell, but she is sure she would know it if some one would read to her the names in the directory beginning with the letter D. She wears, winter and summer, a gossamer cloak, and has a bandage of red flannel over her ears and tied under her chin. The most persistent, however, is an old Hebrew. It is said that he is wealthy and a retired pawnbroker. He devotes his entire time to walking about the city, taking the numbers of policemen who, in his judgment, are neglecting their duty. He also makes a memorandum of all violations of the corporation ordinances that come under his notice. When he has collected a batch of notes he haunts the building until some one listens to his complaints and promises to have them attended to. If he does not receive that courtesy from the police officials that he thinks is his due he hies him to the offices of the newspapers opposite, and woe to the poor reporter whose door chances to be open.

Another class, and the most prolific, of "cranks" is composed of the men who "know it all." They are very numerous whenever there is a strike or any unusual excitement. They offer to take charge of the department and show the superintendent and commissioners how to conduct it. But worse than even these are those who never go to headquarters, but send their complaints and advice anonymously through the mails. Then there are the women who want their husbands arrested and locked up for a few days, without judge, jury or publicity, to reform them.

Probably the most humorous complaint ever made was one by an old lady, who demanded that the wires be put under ground at once. She said there was a number of telephone and telegraph wires run by the window, and she was unable to sleep nights, owing to the messages that went over the wires. Many of the things that traversed the wires were such "as no lady should be compelled to listen to." She threatened to move out of the city if the nuisance was not abated at once.

One cold day in winter an old Scotchman went into headquarters and told the sergeant in charge that he had been only two months in this country. He was unable to obtain employment at his trade of carpenter, and was reduced almost to starvation. He concluded his story by saying that his finances had reached such an ebb that as a last resort he had come to offer himself as a detective, if he might be allowed to use an assumed name. With tears in his eyes he said that had he stayed in the "old country" he would not have been compelled to stoop so low. He felt his position so keenly that the kind-hearted sergeant refused his offer, and turned him to the commissioners of immigration. Many applications are received from boys who have read a series of "Old Sleuth" stories, and want positions as "boy-detectives."

A great many women suffering from an overdevelopment of their bump of curiosity want to visit the "menagerie," as one of them once put it. They expect to see the most gruesome sights, such as a fac-simile, in wax, of a double murder, or a few murderers and burglars chained together and let loose for their edification. Their disappointment is great when they are shown into a handsomely-carpeted, well-lighted room, around the walls of which are glass cases containing harmless-looking pieces of rope, tools such as a blacksmith might use, a few pistols, knives, gags, a couple of black caps and such things as are indispensable to a sheriff at an execution. In the middle of the room are gambling tables of bright-colored woods and ivory. After a glance or two about the room they are satisfied to leave without reading the thousand and odd labels which give the history of each article. Upon asking to see the "dungeons" the officer politely informs them that visitors are not allowed to see the cells, and they leave, complaining that their time has been "wasted."

CAMPBELL E. N. GOLE.

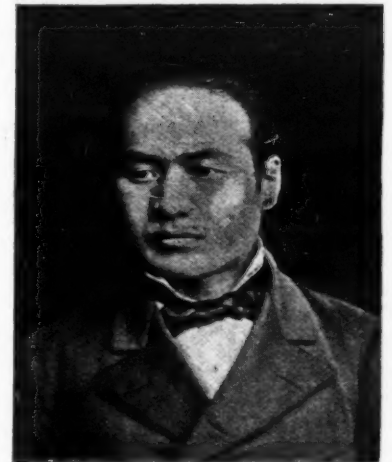
OCTOBER.

DAME NATURE painted her scene
Of hill and vale, and woodland green,
And left it out to dry one night.
Lo! on the morn' paint, gold and red,
Thick on the canvas had been spread
By some mischievous imp or sprite.
HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

JAPANESE HUMOR IN POLITICS.

JAPANESE have the reputation of being the best-natured people in the world, but the European and American writers who have clothed them with that quality have often reproached them with having no wit. This seems to me very wrong, as I have had many a proof that the people from the country of the rising sun have a keen sense of humor. They are good raconteurs, the very best listeners, and enjoy a good joke fully as much as would the most noisy Frenchman.

Like the French, Japanese stay very long at dinner, eating slowly and speaking much. Every one of the *convives* has always a few stories at hand, and judging from the applause and loud laughing with which they are received, Japanese stories must contain a great many good points. In fact, those dinners are extremely noisy, and the only offense with which I can reproach Japanese story-tellers is the noise they



HOUMOTO WATANABA.

make while talking. They speak so loud, laugh so much, and move their head, eyes, arms, and hands so rapidly and nervously that it is very hard to follow them—at least it was so for me. They show their humor in everything and everywhere—at home, in the parks, in the temples, even in politics. Since they have two parliaments, a House of Peers and a House of Representatives, the best class of Japanese take a lively interest in all political questions, and they have there more parties than in the States, and nearly as many as in France.

Sir Edwin Arnold said in one of his books that there are no words to swear with in the Japanese language, and that people cannot possibly insult each other in that polite tongue.

I am sure that the great English poet who has always been so kind to me has never attended any political meetings in Japan, and if



CUEST.

he ever does so he will surely change his mind as to the resources of the Japanese language. The fact is that Sir Edwin Arnold has learned to speak Japanese not from politicians, but from the most lovely, charming, and refined Japanese ladies. He has never had an opportunity of writing a political article in Japanese, while he has written in that language hundreds of delightful little poems, many of which are to be found on the fans of pretty girls. Those pretty Japanese are the sweetest little women in the world. They certainly know nothing about swearing, and I shall surprise American young ladies in stating that girls over there have no "slang." But the politicians are not any more refined than ours, and when they quarrel they use the kind words, "liar," "dishonest man," "fraud," "thief," and others, just

as our good Democrats and Republicans sometimes do.

Japanese go even a little further, and do not hesitate to pay some "roughs" to attack a political adversary at night, in some dark corner, with swords and knives. But this happens only once in a while, for, as I have already stated, Japanese show their good nature and humor even in politics. Indeed, they know how to take a defeat and to make the best of it.

As a proof of what I advance I shall describe here what I saw in a Japanese city after an election.

The party opposed to the government had nominated seventeen of its members as candidates to different offices. After a hot contest two only were elected, and fifteen defeated. It was a hard blow, and American citizens would have felt pretty sore at such a result. So, probably, did the defeated Japanese feel; but, far from showing it, they met together and decided to bury the past and to hold a funeral service. Invitations to attend it were sent out, and priests were engaged. On the appointed day a long column of mournful politicians left the headquarters of their party, each one carrying sacred flowers or other religious ornaments, and, preceded by priests and *bouzes* singing hymns, they slowly went to the river's bank. There a religious service was held, sad and mournful music was heard, and birds, fishes, fruits, and vegetables were offered to the gods and eaten by the priests. Then an immense fire was built, and all the circulars, pamphlets, books, letters and signs used during the political campaign were burned.

Meanwhile the priests were singing, and after all had been burned they took the ashes, boarded a "jonque" and threw them into the water. This being accomplished, every one took a bath and returned to the headquarters, where a fine supper was served. Raw fish, sea-weeds, bamboo-roots, and other delicacies were on the bill-of-fare. The mournful politicians indulged in a great deal of "saké" drinking and toasting, and each one soon declared that he felt "like another man, ready for another election."

I wish to call the attention of our American politicians to the burning of political pamphlets and to the taking of a nice, clean bath after the election. It would be a mighty good thing for—well, but the trouble is that if they should all do so we could not eat fish for several months!

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

THE NEWER AMUSEMENT.

A FEW seasons ago the farce-comedy took root with all the vigor of a weed in the theatrical garden. The older and healthier growths were pushed out of the soil. For a time the farce-comedy flourished famously. But its stalks began to ooze slime, and its leaves to grow rank, and its odor to offend, and it is dying. Its very planters are themselves gradually plucking it out. And yet the public is not returning with absolute and loyal allegiance to the best in the

drama, or encouraging new effort adequately on its lines.

Contemporaneously with the farce-comedy, and in some cases in league with it, came the high kick. Feminine feet were always expected to make it. The kick has been growing higher and there is no assurance that its greatest altitude has yet been reached. Competitive effort is still making, and managers who believe that there is to be found some variant of it are combing Europe for exemplars. Father Knickerbocker's hat—a stately covering—is almost in danger from it. New York is possessed with the idea of it.

With this sort of amusement, and its consequent destruction of a continuity of thought, has come a feverish desire for what is termed the vaudeville in Europe, but what is known natively as the "variety show." More and more, people seem to be breaking away from the play, which requires consecutive attention even though it be a comedy, and which in this frivolous age is being more earnestly discouraged if it be a tragedy. With that excessive tendency of the bee, which sips here and there but for a moment, the young man of to-day seeks his pleasures rather haphazardly and with extreme fickleness; and the young man's father himself is none too stable in his tastes; while the women folk travel much the same round from habit or to install some new fad.

There has always been dancing, and dancing will always be cultivated. Women captivated by virtue of this accomplishment long before Salome footed it before Herod. But the dancing of to-day that attracts is not like that which has for many years been accepted as a phase of art. The ballet premier of a decade past, with grace as her only object, is passing out. The ballet of to-day requires eccentricity of movement, to go with greater disclosure in dress; and even more popular is the high kicker, or the serpentine dancer, or the woman who can do wholly unexpected things with her limbs to suit her vocalism or without song.

Within the past year there have been divers importations of women accomplished in these matters, but the strangest yet seen are four women in the "Black Crook" called quadrille dancers. They were educated in one of the most characteristic resorts in Paris, and their doings, although pronounced unseemly by the press, are confessedly the greatest "drawing" element in that spectacle at the Academy of Music. So much for public taste.

While variety entertainments are multiplying in New York, the most notable concession to the newer fancy of the public has been made by the management of the Casino, long known as "the home of comic opera." This has been interiorly arranged in some respects like the famous Alhambra of London, a city whose regular theatres have been suffering from the competition of vaudeville houses. A crystal promenade has been made at the rear of the orchestra floor of the Casino, for the use of occupants of the seats and boxes in that part of the house, and about the promenade seats have been scattered where light refreshments are served. By means of mural mirrors those casually seated here may view the stage performance by reflection. The buffet floor has been adorned with plants and flowers, and here also refreshments are served. The stage entertainment is modeled after that of the Alhambra of London, consisting of sensational and novel specialty performances and ballets. Uniformed ushers and pages attend, and the place promises to become one of the amusement features of New York. The most noted of the artists in English and French vaudevilles will be brought over for the Casino from time to time, and great pains will be taken with the ballets. The entertainment will run from eight o'clock in the evening until midnight, giving long enjoyment to those who wish to spend the evening there, and drawing many from the clubs at all hours. Those who attend the regular theatres may spend some time here, the diversity of the performance giving them opportunity to witness some complete part of it. Illustrations of the Casino and other features of the newer amusement may be found on another page. The taste for it may outlast that for the farce-comedy.

Among entertainments at other

theatres one of the most attractive and enjoyable is that at the Bijou, "A Parlor Match." Hoey improves as every season goes by, and this, the ninth year of its existence, should be its most successful season. JAMES ALBERT.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA may be called the cholera headquarters, so far as this season's epidemic is concerned. The news from St. Petersburg is not as reassuring as it might be, seventy-five new cases of cholera and as many deaths being the record of one day, recently, in that capital. As to the status of the disease throughout the Empire, it appears to be on the decline in the towns, while increasing in the rural districts—though perhaps the latter circumstance may be due to the country returns being looked up more carefully. In any case greater care is being exercised. The hospital accommodation has been rigorously supervised, and the Czar has won golden opinions by his interest and sympathy in visiting the victims. More cheering accounts come from Hamburg, where theatres are reopening, and the people are recovering their spirits.

SWISS MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

The spirited picture reproduced from the London *Graphic* is from Switzerland in the midst of the Alpine mountaineering season. The danger from hidden crevasses requires at all times the utmost vigilance. As a rule, a large crevasse running across a glacier will be uncovered at one or more points on the line of its course, and the practiced eye seeing these points will judge where the hidden crevasse runs. In the picture a good illustration of this occurs. The party are on one of the glaciers of the Dauphine Alps, and the leader is looking down into a large crevasse. At the bottom of the photograph the crevasse is covered in; a little higher up it is crossed by an ice-bridge, while still higher in the picture it is again covered. The crevasse could safely be passed at the point shown at the bottom of the picture.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ALMA.

Military England celebrates the anniversary of the first battle in the Crimea, and the victory of the allied British and French forces over the Russians on the banks of the Alma, September 20th, 1854. The veteran survivors of this memorable combat are duly lionized; and the wreathing with laurel of the color carried by the Queen's Guard at St. James's Palace is an inspiring reminder to the soldiers of the Household Brigade of their predecessors who did valiant duty in the Russian war.

CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The final centennial anniversary of the birth of the French republic—namely, the battle of Valmy and the proclamation of the republic, in September, 1792—was celebrated by Frenchmen in all parts of the world. In Paris the occasion was observed with elaborate ceremonies, including a military and historical procession on a magnificent scale. One of the representative "cars" of this procession is given in our picture from *Le Monde Illustré*, showing a group of the notable "Precursors of the Revolution," of the eighteenth century.



We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a

limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short reading of character, to be sent immediately by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1. to a minute and circumstantial reading of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Bessie Bell, Santa Monica, Cal.—Is industrious, thoughtful, thrifty, and discreet. She has much self-respect, and a bit of harmless love of appreciation. Will is firm but not forcible, she is restless, rather variable, sometimes irritable, has strong individuality, yet is adaptable, is careful of detail, and economical without either meanness or greed, possesses sincere affections, and general ability to take care of herself.

H. B. Luella, Boston, Mass.—Is sympathetic with a touch of sentiment, a companionable spirit, and a warm heart. Affections are sincere and genuine. The mind is clear and more practical than would seem at first glance; there is imagination, ready speech, and ease of expression exhibited, also good temper and much kindness. Will is firm but not forcible, there is some vanity, self-belief, and ambition to be seen. The latter quality is practical but is not material in direction. The former qualities are productive of much placid content.

Vannie, Savannah, Ga.—Is ambitious, lively and industrious. Though not especially methodical, the writer is capable of much work. Temperament is nervous, mind is active and ready of comprehension. Speech is easy and agreeable, communicative but not indiscreet. Sincerity and tender affections are visible, a bit of self-appreciativeness, a will that is firm but accommodating, and a love of truth, kindness and good-fellowship.—No two people write precisely alike but often strong similarities may be seen. It is all a matter of combination, and in human nature the combinations are infinite in variety.

Landts, Savannah, Ga.—Is keen, critical, introspective, reflective, and sensitive. She has good judgment when impartial, but is apt to let her feelings make her a bit blind. She is restless, refined, thoroughly feminine in temperament, is neat, and has an excellent capacity for arranging and controlling her surroundings. This latter is only partially developed, but promises to be a leading trait. She is ambitious and aspiring, is only deceived when self-deceived, has force of will, and good practical ability; but imagination dabbles too much into the affairs of every-day life for her to be placid, contented, and acquiescent.

Catharine, Dallas, Texas.—Is active, ready and ambitious, vivacious and clever, but is also somewhat impractical and given to passing excitements. System is lacking, and there is need of well-regulated self-comprehension. Everything is in a state of evolution; nothing is clearly defined. There is much of promise. Keep a worthy ambition in view, be true not fickle, be kind not petulant, endeavor to attain habits of method, and a character of force, ability, and much charm will be the result.

J. T. M., Portland, Oregon.—You are observing, have rapid perceptions, and easily form quick, clear-sighted judgments. You are systematic within broad lines. Are analytical in mental action—perhaps too much so. Learn to construct as well as dissect. Build upon your spontaneous ideas; they are good, are pointed and savor enough of intuition to be relied upon. You possess fluency and ease of expression, and a dash of imagination, some perseverance, an aspiring will, and reasonable ambition. Chain your fancy for spontaneous success to the wheels of work; then if an inspiration comes seize it boldly, bend it to what you know yourself to be capable of, and success will come. You have too much practical capacity and individuality not to win your chance in time, but patience and meantime effort and self-culture.

G. A. L., Vineland, N. J.—You are industrious, will expend much pains when the fancy suits you, are versatile, appreciative, a bit restless, and apt to dabble in many things. You are fluent but still discreet, are thrifty, appreciate yourself, have ready tact, are adaptable, firm, and whimsical. You are sincere, are constructive in mind and yet capable of criticism. There is some egotism visible, a dislike of routine and beaten tracks; also ready wits and a general disposition to attractive but impractical pursuits. All else failing, the suggestion conveyed in your last lines shall be remembered.

Geneva.—Is ambitious, educated, and refined. She is liberal to the point of extravagance, and is impractical. Speech and expression are easy and communicative.

What is her name? Mind is clear and logical. Some egotism is visible, good temper, impulsiveness, and imagination. Impulses are generous and self-confident. There is the germ of fine ability present, but concentration and training are needed. She is companionable, agreeable, vivacious, and sympathetic.



"OLD BOSS" HOKY IN "A PARLOR MATCH."

WHO WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?

THE publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give \$200 to the subscriber who first predicts the closest to the actual PLURALITY OF THE POPULAR VOTE of either of the two leading candidates for the Presidency. The prediction must be written on the following blank cut from the WEEKLY and addressed to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

None but subscribers allowed to contest. Only one prediction allowed to each subscriber. If you are not already a subscriber inclose \$1.00 for the paper for three months or 50 cents for five weeks when sending the blank. If you are a subscriber please so state on the blank.

I predict that _____ will have _____ plurality of the popular vote in the election for President.

Name _____

Street _____

Date _____

Post-Office _____



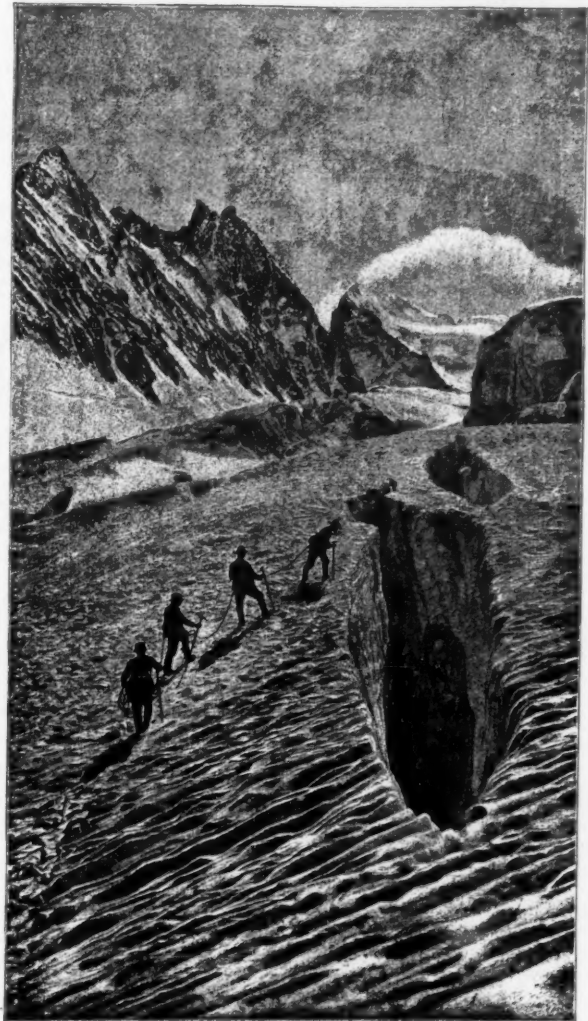
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PATRICK S. GILMORE, IN NEW YORK CITY—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE JUDGE BUILDING.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 263.]



POLITICS IN JAPAN—A PROCESSION OF DEFEATED POLITICIANS BEARING THE LITERATURE OF THEIR CAMPAIGN TO A PLACE OF BURNING.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 266.]



ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1854—DECORATING THE QUEEN'S COLOR AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



A LARGE CREVASSE IN THE DAUPHINE ALPS.



CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, AT PARIS, OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC—CAR OF THE "PRECURSORS OF THE REVOLUTION."



THE CZAR VISITING A CHOLERA HOSPITAL IN RUSSIA.
SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

WELL TO REMEMBER.
THOUGH experience has been a school
That's taught you much; somehow
While you have learned you were a fool,
You're little wiser now.

LOVE'S OFFICES.
A MIRROR should be Love's shining face
For reflecting smiles and dispersing fears,
While his heart should be a secret vase
For receiving a burden of tears.

A MISFIT LOVE-SONG.
I DO not know if she loves me,
Nor shall I ask her. I prefer
To rest in blissful ignorance,
For truly I do not love her.

MATRIMONIAL ARITHMETIC.
To call them one oft made me laugh,
Because it seemed absurd;
When he is dead his better half
Will clamor for a third.

INCONSISTENT.
Tis queer that you, who ceaselessly
Will at the drunkard scoff,
Acknowledge when he's on a spree
That he is better off.

TOO FORTUNATE.
DELICATE, fair, beyond believing
Is the dainty web of the spider's weaving,
Yet nothing can prompt the fly a minute
To praise its beauty—and yet he's in it!

THE most astonishing results in healing wounds
have been shown by Salvation Oil.
A neglected cough may lead to consumption, there-
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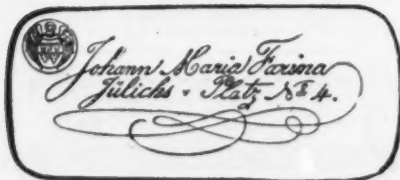
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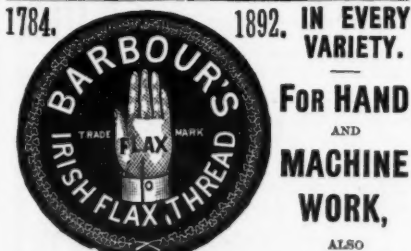
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